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AT A TEA.

Mr. Tynchaser (who has been obnoxiously persistent in his attentions): I HAVE NOT HAD THE PLEASURE OF FINDING YOU AT HOME FOR A LONG TIME, MRS. BOND.

Opulent Widow: NO. THERE SEEMS TO BE AN OBSTACLE.

Mr. T.: CAN'T I REMOVE IT?

O. W.: POSSIBLY.

Mr. T. (tenderly): AT LEAST, LET ME KNOW WHAT IT IS.

O. W. (coldly): THE FRONT DOOR.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. MARCH 1, 1888. No. 270.

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A DISCUSSION that goes on without any diminution on account of Lent, is naming candidates. It was strengthened by the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine from the race for the Presidency, and Mr. Hewitt's refusal to be re-elected Mayor. It thrives on the unwillingness of General Sheridan and Mr. Childs to be Mr. Blaine's successors, and on the suggestion that the Hon. Amos Cummings might make a good mayor for New York.

It is an interesting circumstance that, of the three candidates whom New York newspapers have prated about the most, two have explicitly declined to run, and the third talks of the situation with such jocularly as to justify doubt if he would be willing to run either.

It has been the habit of the American mind to consider that no one can help wishing to be President, and if any citizen says that he doesn't care to try, it is the custom of the country to look upon him as an artful person, who is lying low to let possibility ripen into assurance. But General Sheridan and Mr. Childs know what it is to be President. Sheridan saw President Arthur blossom, bloom and fade; and he, as well as Mr. Childs, have seen from near at hand Cleveland's sturdy but laborious administration. They may both have recognized that the presidency is a long, exhausting strain, not to be undertaken by any but iron men, from any but altruistic motives. That Sheridan should say, "I prefer to be a general," and that Childs should say, "I want to be an editor," should not surprise any one. Both these gentlemen have excellent situations, known to be adapted to their tastes and to their powers. They are in great measure their own bosses, and undoubtedly have more fun as they are than they would as servants of the people.

AND in this connection (as our neighbor the *Sun* would say) LIFE wishes to protest against throwing the nomination any more at Mr. Childs. Mr. Cleveland is

(practically) Mr. Childs' candidate. If the Philadelphia editor is to be disturbed any more by the importunities of his friends, let it be to decline an *election*, or at least a nomination actually achieved. It is a shame that the valuable space of the estimable *Philadelphia Ledger* should be clogged by repeated repudiations of mere nugatory proposals. No one should be allowed to nominate Mr. Childs any more until the Convention meets.

AS for the Hon. Amos Cummings, the possibility of making him Mayor is an interesting matter for discussion.

Of course there is no question about Colonel Cummings' fitness for that or any other office. As a letter-writer he is professionally qualified to compete with our present Mayor; as a ready speaker on his feet, he need not fear to drink champagne from the same bottle as the effervescent Depew. Does any one know the city better than he? Not one. Of course he would make an able and discriminating Mayor, and is peculiarly available because the City Hall is so conveniently near his place of business.

THERE are always iconoclastic legislators who are ready to smash a bill merely because some one else approves it. Let us hope that these gentry, whether they lurk in Congress or in the State Legislatures, may spare the bill to change inauguration day from the 4th of March to the 30th of April.

In addition to the circumstance that this bill, if passed, will add eight weeks to Mr. Cleveland's administration, there is every reason to favor it, and nothing of importance to be said against it. It does away with the short session of Congress, and gives that illustrious body time to finish up its business in a workmanlike manner, which is an important gain, and it gives the American people a fair chance to see their presidents inaugurated without wading knee-deep in slush and catching their deaths of cold.

It has been amply demonstrated that for historical purposes the 30th of April is as good a day as the 4th of March. For all other purposes it is a vastly better day. Let us have it!

A STRONG testimonial to the fairness of the British Treaty is the condemnation it meets with among the fishermen of both countries.

Concessions by each had to be made, and a burst of indignation was to be expected from both sides at first. Calm reflection will show that the Treaty is the best and most satisfactory solution of the difficulty that could be reached.



Montmorency Griddle (of Philadelphia): HEAVENS! SEE THE SPHINX GET UP AND YAWN!

Smith (of New York, absently): I SUPPOSE SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE ANTIQUITY OF YOUR FAMILY.

O. Henkle

BOMB-THROWERS.

THE Boston *Pilot* complains because, in the postponed British treaty, bomb-throwing is made an extraditable offense.

Now, Mr. O'Reilly, you should go too. You are a good poet, and a superb exponent of the manly art, but as a sympathizer with bomb-throwers you are not a success. The whole world should be leagued together to stamp out the vermin whose weapon is dynamite, be they French, Dutch, Russian, English, Irish or Chinese. We even believe, Mr. O'R., that should Queen Victoria or Lord Salisbury visit this country, and throw a bomb at you, you would be the first to clamor for protection.

No, no, Mr. *Pilot*, your point is not well taken, and we think if you could make up your mind to drop Riddlebergerish methods your popularity would increase, for in "other respects you are doing quite well."

IT was so cold in Orange County last week that all the milk had ice-cream on its surface.

THE COMING FAD.

I CHANCED to pass her on the street,
A modest maiden, blushing fair;
With laughing eyes and lips so sweet,
A bee might seek its honey there.

Alas, those lips! I could but stare,
Were shaped to ruby circle true;
And on the crisp and willing air
Familiar notes she softly blew.

Once cooking was the proper thing,
Then Browning drove the women mad;
Poor Buddha's gone to fold his wing—
But whistling is the coming fad.

Desmond Fitzgerald.

TIME CROWNING COMSTOCK.

THE intelligent reader will perceive at once that Father Time is clothed as befits the subject.

The letters on the crown might mislead the intelligent reader, unless he were informed that they are the initials of the Association for the Suppression of Suggestion.

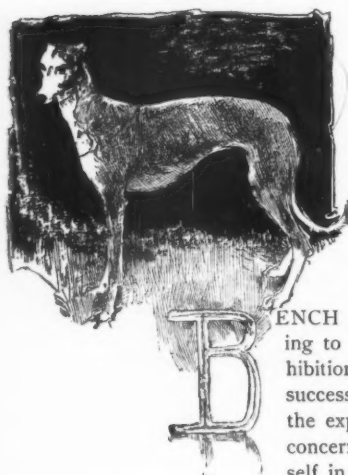




MARCH.

OH, the Ram it is the symbol of the merry month of Mars,
 Depicted in a rampant state upon the calendars;
 But March is such a freakish month, we think, if put to vote,
 The people would dethrone the ram and substitute the goat.

* * *



LIFE joins in the petition to the Fifth Avenue Stage Company not to run its stages on Sunday. We beg to add an amendment that the company do not run its stages on other days until it obtains such vehicles as will permit a person wearing a high silk hat to give his seat to a lady without submitting his head-gear to everlasting destruction.

* * *

THE DOG SHOW.

ENGLISH SHOWS are not wildly interesting to the public, as a rule, but the exhibition of last week was a howling success. As far as the judgment of the experts in special lines of dog was concerned, our Dog Fancier finds himself in a mugwumpish frame of mind.

In no case were prizes awarded to the dogs of his choice, and it must be added that jealousy has no place amongst the causes of our critic's dissatisfaction. He had no dog on exhibition—indeed, his dog was respectfully declined by the managers three weeks before the show opened; so that the position occupied by him is simply that of a disinterested observer.

The prize awarded in the Scotch Terrier Class was noticeably at variance with our critic's ideas. The animal that gained the medal was certainly a gentlemanly sort of person, and we have nothing at hand which shows that his morals were not all they were claimed to be; but a knowledge of the ways of Scotch Terriers, as derived by the writer from his own personal dog, go far to show that the fortunate creature was *not* in the truest sense of the term, a Scotch Terrier. In the first place, he had been cultivated by man. His ears had been submitted to coupon treatment, and instead of the long flowing tail which was his by divine right, he was followed everywhere he went by a small plush stub that was absolutely devoid of character. The critic's own dog, in this regard, is a perfect specimen of the natural development of the species. His tail wags in graceful curves, and his ears have remained the simple, unadorned features that the brute set out to have.

In the French Poodle Class the Judges were equally at variance with the common-sense views of the critic. There are traces of the French Poodle in the critic's dog, and long acquaintance with these qualities enables him to say that a powder-puff does not grow by nature upon each of the French Poodle's hind hips; his whiskers are not cut in Napoleon third fashion, and the presence of a goatee on each angle of the fore knee is an affectation which finds no place in a pure-blooded Poodle of Gaul.

The Dachshund award was more nearly correct, although the prize animal's legs were not so gracefully bowed as those which might be found on the critic's dog, if the Judges had cared to investigate him.

In the competition for the prize St. Bernard, the noble animal that took the medal certainly deserved recognition, but his nocturnal yelp had not the true ring. In this respect the critic's dog, whose maternal grandfather once saved a man from drowning in a February thaw on the Alpine pass, is unexcelled. The yelp must be heard to be appreciated, and the critic cordially invites any one of the Judges to stand in his back yard on any rainy night, and see if this yelp is not more in accordance with the true receipt for the perfect St. Bernard dog.

Thus it was in the other classes. The Bulldog-in-chief, while he could bite a bigger hole in a canvas bag than any other dog in the competition, was sadly deficient when it came to the dissolution of a slipper, in which respect the animal to which we have already several times alluded is an expert.

The Blenheim Spaniel of the Judges' choice may have been a better specimen of his class than any animal on exhibition, but in the matter of shedding hair he was way behind our own dog, who inherits this peculiarity from a half-brother of his father, who was born within the classic shades of Marlborough Palace.

However, we must not be too severe. One first mistake has entailed numerous other mistakes. The rejection of the critic's dog was the initial error, and when we consider that Columbus was not appreciated at first; that Frank Stockton wrote stories for years without meeting his just reward, we must not be surprised if, at his first offering, so extraordinary a specimen of the Composite Pup as that belonging to the undersigned, should be rejected.

Next year we shall hope for better judgment on the part of the Committee of Admissions, and when we have perfected the Calisaya Bark which we are now cultivating in our pet, the world's ideas of dog will be entirely revolutionized.

In the meantime, if any of our readers would like to have a dog just for his keep, he may apply before May 1st to

Carlyle Smith.

OBSERVATIONS.

PUCK calls home the right bower. It is quite as frequently the left bower, as the joker might have seen for himself had he taken the trick—we should say, the trouble. What fools this mortal be!

* * *

THE arrest of the Grand Army men, who were accompanying a corpse to its last resting-place, with appropriate dirges, was due to the laws against music and bier. That law must go.

* * *

THE Empress of China has composed 600 stanzas of poetry within the past year, and they are said by Chinese critics to be richer than the songs of Persia.

It is strange to what lengths critics will go in a land where the hamstring is a molder of opinion!

* * *

THE notice of the wedding of a prominent gambler, last week, contained this significant paragraph: "No cards."

* * *

IT is not considered proper for canons of the church to get loaded.

* * *

A WESTERN politician was disgusted to see his reference to "scarred warriors" printed in the papers as the "scared warriors."



EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

She: YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, JOHN, FOR SHOOTING SUCH A DEAR LITTLE BIRD!

He: I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE IT FOR YOUR HAT.

She: OH, WHAT A GOOD IDEA! THAT WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, JOHN.

RELIEVED.



BJONES: Well, I tell you, I'm relieved.

JSMYTHE: Relieved? What's happened to relieve you?

BJONES: Oh, it says here that my brother George and Sally Higgins were quietly married at St. George's yesterday. I was afraid the papers would exaggerate, as usual, and say they were noisily married.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

VOLAPÜK, Mr. Higgins, is a universal language that nobody speaks.

HORRID AFFLICTION.

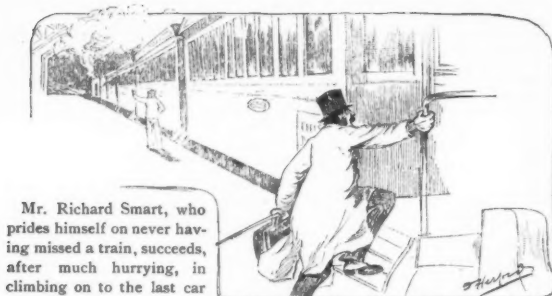
MRS. VERBOSE: I dread typhoid more than any disease I know of.

MR. VERBOSE: Typhoid! You surprise me! I should think lock-jaw would be your *bête noir*.

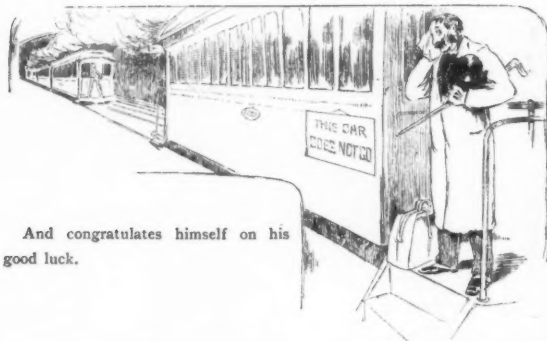
A CRITIC, John, is a creature who can always tell another man how he ought to do a thing that he cannot do himself.

ECCENTRICITY OF GENIUS.

MRS. NOUVEAU RICHE: What an eccentric person that man Tolstoi must be, to be sure. He dots his i's twice.



Mr. Richard Smart, who prides himself on never having missed a train, succeeds, after much hurrying, in climbing on to the last car of the last train—



And congratulates himself on his good luck.

A BELATED VALENTINE.

I'M a bashful little maid
(Very few would guess it!),
Full of feeling, but afraid—
So I can't express it.
Would I wielded Browning's pen—
How I'd play the poet!
I'd disclose my passion then—
You would never know it!

E. D. R.



THE AMERICAN GIRL.

SHE is the flower of American liberty, the inspiration of American competition, and the best safeguard against a surplus in the national treasury. For her, society, literature and art exist; she revels in the first, has a bowing acquaintance with the second, and loftily patronizes the third. Yet the men of fashion, letters and art are alike her slaves and admirers. She is the only product of American civilization that will not be improved by age.

* * *

OF three recent books which have much to say about her, the most complimentary is by a clever Englishman, who lived here for a time, and has written his impressions under the title "Uncle Sam at Home" (Henry Holt

& Co.). This is an eminently good-natured book, and its author, Harold Brydges, has perhaps been too lenient in his judgments. His optimism seems to have been produced by a thoroughly good time and plenty of congenial friends. The weak point of all his generalizations is that they are founded on what he saw in New York—which a Western newspaper recently called the least American of our cities. He, however, made a long enough stay in Boston to draw his picture of the American girl from that point of view:

As Boston city is the undisputed hub of the universe, so the Boston girl is the unquestioned centre of every female virtue, attraction and accomplishment. This sounds like an axiom, and it is one. The Boston girl shines in the social firmament as Venus in summer skies. Her brilliancy gives a shadow to everything it falls upon. America has much to be thankful for, but for nothing so much as for the Boston girl.

And the author makes this generalization for the whole country: "If Uncle Sam's girls generally added the fresh, clear complexion of an English girl to their numerous other charms, there would be a stampede of men from Europe for wives. Only two things would then be wanting to make her at once fit for Paradise: a pair of wings and a softer voice."

* * *

THE portrait is not quite so flattering, and perhaps truer, which is drawn by Philip H. Welch in his series of admirable dialogues, entitled "The Tailor-Made Girl: Her Friends, Her Fashions, and Her Follies" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The girls of this book are pre-eminently New York types; they are lovely and lovable, but prodigiously expensive. They are the envy and despair of the poor man, and make even millionaires financially cautious.

In Mr. Welch's dialogues the characters reveal their own weaknesses by their own words. There is no comment by the exhibitor of the "terrible examples." The satire of the book is in its truth. Mr. C. Jay Taylor has furnished twenty-six full-page cartoons, drawn with delicate skill. The book is a handsome folio.

* * *

LEAST flattering of all these portraits of our countrywomen are those in General Lloyd S. Bryce's sketch, called "Paradise" (Funk & Wagnalls). It is an extravaganza aimed at our loose marriage and divorce laws. This particular target should be shot at, but Congressman Bryce has made a rather poor score. No doubt there are silly women in these States, but not many so inane as those who lived in "Paradise."

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

SARA CREWE; or, What Happened at Miss Minchen's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Tailor-Made Girl. By Philip H. Welch. With illustrations by C. Jay Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Dusanter. A Sequel to the Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleskine. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Co.

Poems. By Irwin Russell. New York: The Century Co.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Parts 11 and 12. New York: The Century Co.

The Silver Bell. A Waltz. By Char'ey Baker. Cincinnati: J. C. Groene & Co.

A Life Interest. By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MORE PRODIGIES.

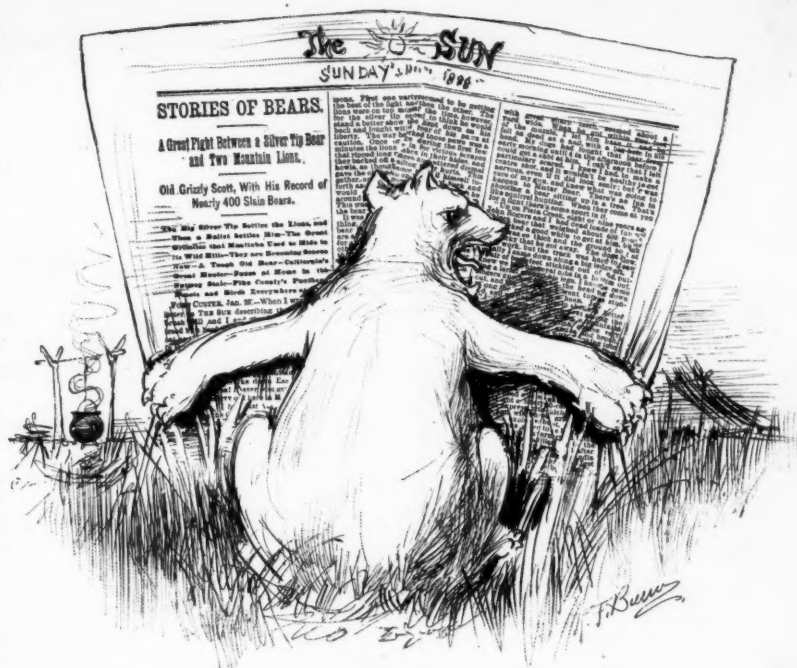
THERE is a girl in Vassar College, eighteen years of age, who cannot play upon the piano and doesn't try.

A GENTLEMAN who hails from Chicago is said to be able to make a good after-dinner speech without alluding to Chauncey Depew.

IN North Brookfield, Mass., is a young shoemaker who can write one of Mr. Lowell's poems off-hand with such fluency that Mr. Lowell himself cannot decide whether he wrote it or not.

ASON of a worthy grocer in Brooklyn is believed to rival Joseph Hofmann in his ability to play under the piano.

"NO," said the old lady, as she slipped on the sidewalk, and came down with much more force than elegance, "I don't like the sitty in winter."



Disgusted Grizzley (perusing a stray copy of the Sunday Sun): I'D LIKE TO GET MY HOOKS ON THE GALOOT THAT'S BEEN WRITING ALL THESE YARNS ABOUT US!

POSSIBLY.

MISS SHORTHORN (of Cincinnati): I've been studying up the history of my town, and, do you know, it's very interesting to trace it far back into almost primeval times and try to find out who were the first settlers in one's own immediate neighborhood.

MR. BJONES: I suppose you discovered Cincinnati to have been first settled by the followers of Ham?

HENRY GEORGE and McGlynn have parted company.

What is the matter, Doctor? Isn't there enough money in Anti-Poverty to support you both?

BUSINESS.

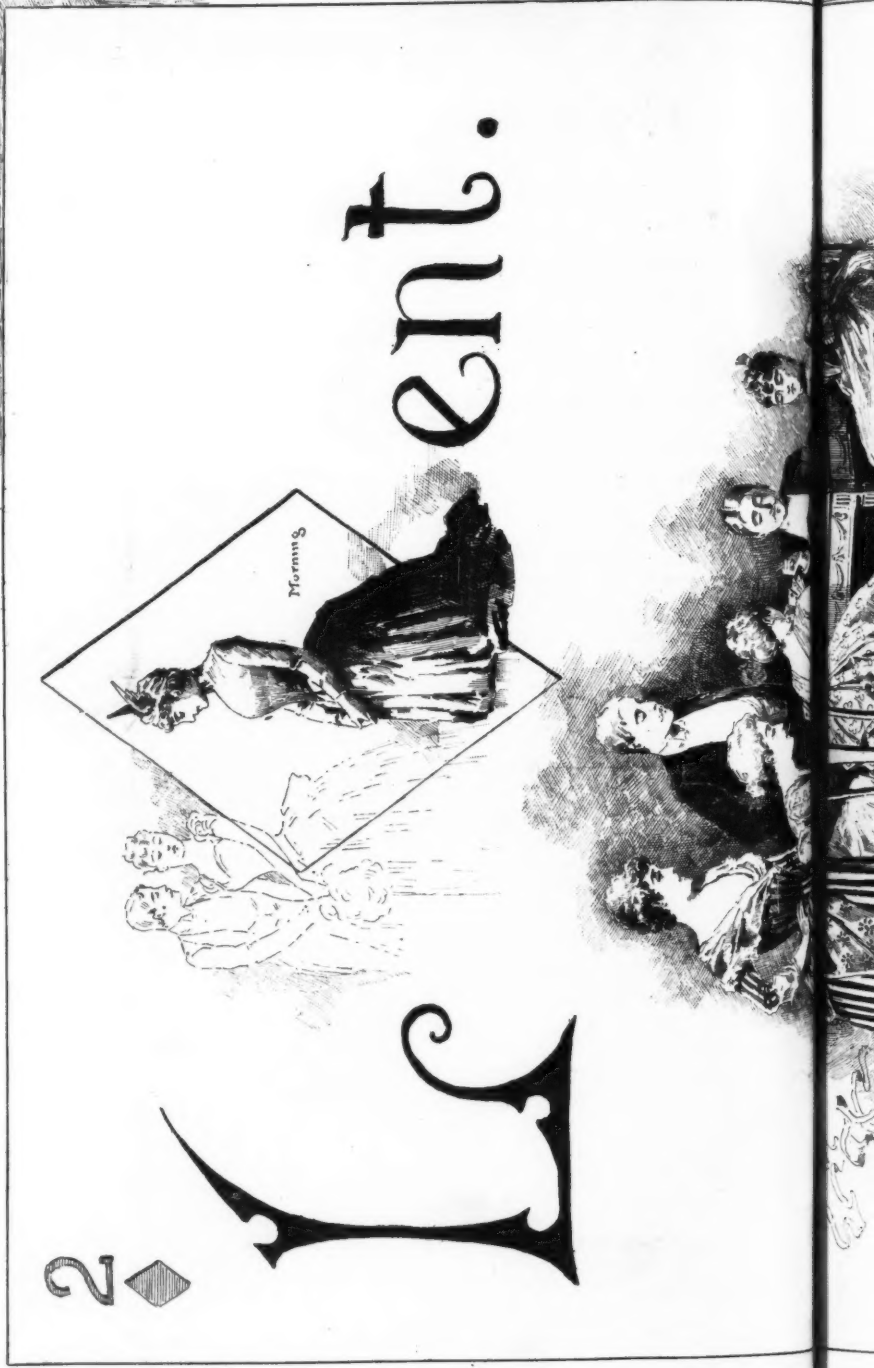
COHNFELD: Well, Rebecca, things look better than they did yesterday. I thought last night I'd failed for \$20,000, but I found to-day I'd made an error in the figures. It's \$100,000!



"OH, 'TIS LOVE!"

Anastasia: IT IS CASPAR'S SIGNAL! I MUST DISSEMBLE.

• LIFE •





Evening.

1888.



Afternoon

Clara, dear, what have you given up this Lent?

C. A new Easter bonnet.

D. Nothing.

E. Yes dear, I lost this money.

F. How is it bought at cards?



LENTEN OBSERVANCES.



PEPPYS AT THE PLAY.

FEBRUARY 20th.—To the Star Theatre, in a hackney coach with my wife, who hath had her teeth new done by La Touche, being thereby made much prettier, though the expense did vex me greatly. We did see performed by that curious and quaint-legged actor, Henry Irving, a new piece called "Olivia," and made up mostly from Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's tale of the "The Vicar of Wakefield." The play hath not in it elements of greatness like those in which I have before seen these same actors, though pleasing in its likeness to rural life. Through the whole piece did run a country freshness which was grateful to my eyes, so long lacking the sight of an English village. This Irving hath more commonplace things to deal with than in the greater plays, and therefore is his task all the more difficult, but that he hath failed in one particular I cannot see. The costumes of the women and men were marvelous well fit to the time of the play, and even the musique was produced upon an ancient spinet, though to my ears the yowling of a brood of kittens had been as pleasant. Henry Irving himself doth do the part of *Dr. Primrose*. There are some and more who do claim that the man hath a genius for acting, and so it hath seemed to me, but in this he giveth no sign thereof. It is but a simple character, presenting the woe of an old clergyman that the daughter whom he loved hath deceived by virtue of secretly going away with her lover. For this purpose he hath little call to do great things, and he doth narrow himself to easy expression, and useth little force.

It is more fine art than great acting, and pleaseth me none the less. I do call to mind one John Gilbert who hath pictured like characters. That he could do *Dr. Primrose* so well as Irving I doubt not so far as looks go, and, too, in many places act as well, but of a surety he hath not the same subtle power in painting the joy and grief over the unhappy *Olivia*. I say this because I know that Joe Tigge, who liketh Irving not at all, will say to me that Gilbert could play the character better to his liking. There was a woman actor named Ellen Terry who did likewise attract my notice, and that so much that my wife did grieve over it, and when we came home I did hear her baste the maid-servant with a broom till she did yell extremely. Mistress Terry hath much vivaciousness of manner, and knoweth the wiles which charm the heart. So much is this true that one is hard-pressed to tell whether or no he doth like her acting, but is surely delighted with her. Pray God my wife do not see this!

* * *

FEBRUARY 21st.—Met Joe Tigge, who told me that the boy Hofmann, who hath pleased the town with his playing upon a piano, hath refused to play more because the Lord Mayor had threatened to correspond with him. It is further said that in his extreme terror the boy hath threatened to flee the country.

* * *

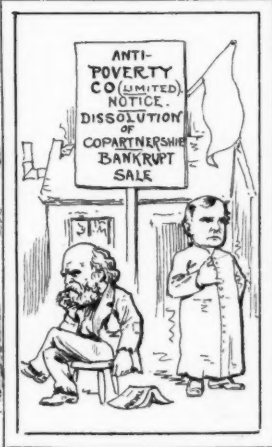
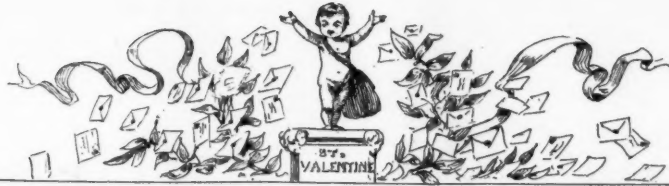
FEBRUARY 22d.—Fiddling on my violin for an hour. Then to the Elephant, where I did hear that after a little there is to be no longer a company of actors at Wallack's play-house. This gave me great regret, and I did think, too, of many others who would likewise grieve, old women as well as young, for there are few women in town who have not sometime considered that they loved an actor in Wallack's company. It hath been said that the purse of this play-house was greatly enriched by the entrance money of those who did go there to live over their youth, but this I do not believe.

Metcalfe.



ANOTHER FRIEZE OUT.

MR. ABBEY will not get much sympathy in his efforts to force Josef Hofmann to concertize. It is quite plain that the boy is played out, and Mr. Abbey having made thousands of dollars at the expense of the child's music should not be permitted to squeeze more ducats out of the prodigy's poor little body. As for Casimir Hofmann, he deserves to be hoist with the petard he made for himself last week when he solemnly affirmed before the Mayor that the boy was increasing in health and happiness under his labors.

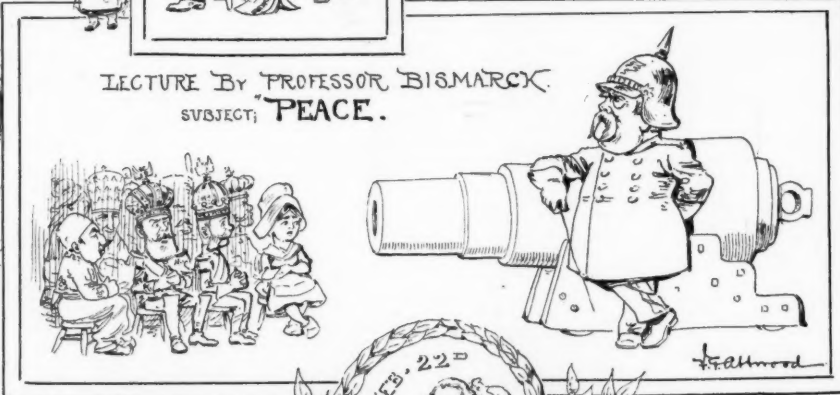


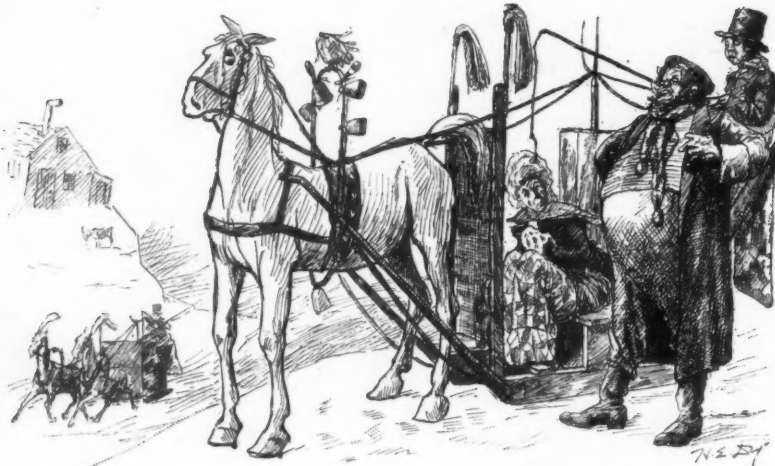
FEBRUARY is most properly designated in the Zodiac by the Fishes.

BLAINE's letter declining a kingly crown which had been offered him, not by Vox Populi, but rather by Vox in his individual capacity than by Populi in his, had a very fishy look.

McGLYNN was played for a sucker, as the English say, and that theoretical oyster Henry George has gone off the Anti-Poverty shell and nestled down in an independent bed.

LENT began, the Fisheries Treaty was published, and altogether Pisces managed to perch on the topmost wave of Public interest.





Mr. O'Hoolihan (who has been persuaded to follow the prevailing styles in sleighing): No, MARY ANN! O'I'LL NOT TAKE THE TAIL AFF HIS BACK TO PUT IT AN HIS EAR IF IT does DESTHRY YER HULL DOM "TOOT ASSIMBLY!"

POLITICAL.

SINCE reading Mr. Blaine's extraordinary letter from Florence, we have come to the conclusion that this high-priest of the Republican party would not take the Presidency if offered him. At first we thought Mr. Blaine insincere, but mature reflection convinces us that his political aspirations are dead, and that all he desires now is to be left alone to his literary labors.

The Republican party should most assuredly exert itself to the utmost to do its idol's will, and not tempt him from his well merited retirement and rest.

* * *



WHY is it that whenever Mr. Depew is mentioned for the Presidency, it is always followed by [Laughter] or [Great laughter]?

There is nothing absurdly ridiculous about the proposition. Were Governor Hill hounded by hilarious brackets we would not be so much surprised, for as a Presidential candidate he is—well, excuse our hilarity, but—[Exceeding great laughter].

* * *

OHIO people are kept awake at night by the booming of Foraker in that State.

They have the comforting reflection that it cannot last long.

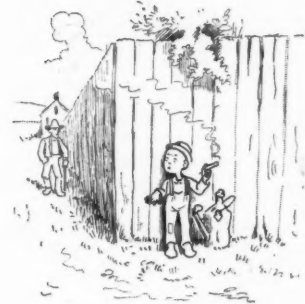
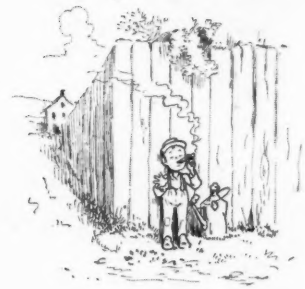
LINES

By a susceptible Bachelor on shaking hands with Mrs. Grover Cleveland at a White House Reception.

THAT radiant smile, that cordial grasp, that pressure of the hand,
With egotistic ecstasy have made my breast expand;
For, though we've never met before, it's very plain to me,
That, of the throng, 'tis I alone she's waited there to see.
But when, with conscious pride, I chance to make this sweet confession,
I find that every other man has got the same impression
And thinks that he's been singled out. It's preference for none,
But just her fascinating way of greeting everyone.
Ah, could an angel such as this by heaven to me be sent,
I really think I might agree to be a president.

H. D. C.

HIS LAST CIGAR.



THE KEROSENE "CATCHES ON."



THE PROPER SIZE.

CUSTOMER (to coal dealer): I want to get a ton of coal.

DEALER: Yes, sir; what size?

CUSTOMER (timidly): Well, if it isn't asking too much, sir, I would like a two-thousand-pound ton.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SOME acrobats are fresh, and somersault. [Circus tickets go with this.]—*Puck.*

A HALF-WITTED fellow was traveling by railway for the first time. Having seated himself, he did not see the use of keeping a bit of cardboard, so he threw his ticket out of the window of the carriage. Consequently, at the station where the tickets were looked at, he had to pay. At his journey's end he had to acknowledge that he had been "done." A few weeks later some men in a railway carriage saw this same man laughing immoderately to himself in a corner of the compartment. They inquired the reason of his merriment. He replied by telling them what he had suffered on his first railway journey. "But," concluded he, triumphantly, "I've done 'em this time."

"Well, what have you done!" asked his companions.

"Why," replied he, "I've taken a return ticket, and I ain't a-going back again!"—*Calcutta Times.*

"WE wish," says a Colorado editor, "to retract our statement made last week, that our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. Mr. Plumley, never was known to keep his promise. After reading the item in question, Mr. Plumley happened to remember that during the heat of the recent political contest he promised to kick us out of the fair grounds, and he immediately came up to the office and executed his promise. In fact, he has not only kicked us all the way out there, but kept it up most of the way back; and if he had not run out of breath, we think he would have been kicking us yet. Mr. Plumley is a gentleman of his word, cultured and polished, and can talk like an Asiatic elephant."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THAT, my dear," young Mr. Haighcde remarked to his bride, as he pointed to the majestic form of the bronze Liberty—"that is the famous statue of Jersey lightning the World."—*Puck.*

THERE WERE NO IRISH THEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR (to Thracian elevator boy in the Capitol at Rome, ante kal., Aug. IV., B. C. 22): Salve, Puer, how many trips have you to-day made?

ELEVATOR PUER: Salve, Cæsar, I have two hundred and fifty up made. I have the downs not counted.—*Boston Courier.*

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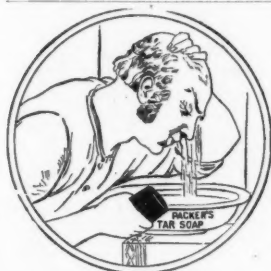
ST. PETER (to applicant): You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?

APPLICANT: Yes, sir.

ST. PETER: Step into the elevator, please.

APPLICANT (stepping into the elevator): How soon does it go up?

ST. PETER: It doesn't go up, it goes down.—*Epoch.*



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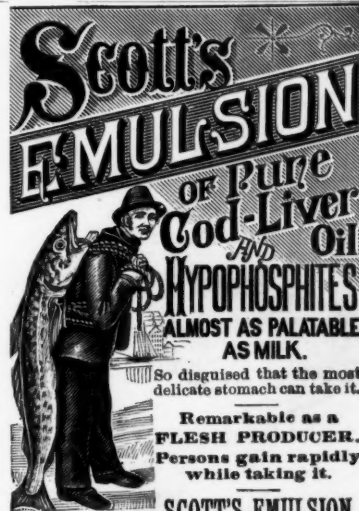
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